

SHADOWS

AND KOB - DRIFT

AND LITTLE SONGS

AND LITTLE GARDEN

AND LITTLE (Festival)



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LEAF-SHADOWS  
AND ROSE-DRIFT



# LEAF—SHADOWS AND ROSE—DRIFT

BEING LITTLE SONGS FROM  
A LOS ANGELES GARDEN

BY OLIVE PERCIVAL



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No. 1.



TO  
CLARISSA GRAVES PERCIVAL  
WHO LOVED A GARDEN IN THE BERKSHIRE HILLS  
AND TO  
HELEN MASON PERCIVAL  
WHO LOVED A GARDEN IN  
THE MIDDLE WEST

The Down-hyl Claim,  
Los Angeles, 1911

*And now my joy I in my garden take ;  
I want not wealth nor power ;  
Through life's long hours, I'll stroll and think  
and pause  
Before each little flower.*

T'AO CH'EN,  
Fourth Century A. D.

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SPRING



## THE DISTURBERS

My garden is a quiet place ;  
It 's strange I cannot read :  
But O there are so many dreams  
And visions one must heed !  
The roses whisper, whisper ; and all the  
    towhees talk ;  
Then O the dancing shadow-leaves on the  
    mossy walk !

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Throughout the year, with ev'ry dress,  
With veils of light, of haze, of gloom,  
She wears her regal bridal-wreath  
Of Eden-scented orange-bloom.

## STAR-RISE

The radiance of the young, young world is  
paling;

Grove and garden forget to sing;

For through the spring-scented twigs of gray,  
gray fig-trees

Glow the white ev'ning star of spring!

## IN POSSESSION

Skies and hills and trees are mine ;  
O the beauty of the Spring !  
Day of fragrant quietude ;  
Night of silences that sing !

## THE CHEROKEE

Through the lilac mist of April twilight,  
My roof gleams white with its fairy-snows  
That, under tropic sun, melt all too quickly !  
O wonder-beauty ! O magic rose !

## REHEARSAL

The little flow'rs in the sweet and spear-  
straight grasses

Devoutly nod and sing, in primal ecstasy ;

All 's repetition of Botticelli springtimes,

Of southern Aprils long ago, in Italy !



## APRIL

O ! when the great sky is blue, blue, blue,  
And the winds blow straight from the sea ;  
O ! when the canyons are sweet, sweet, sweet  
With the springtime's old pageantry :  
It's then from under a roof we must, sing-  
ing, wander far, —  
Forgetting sphinxes and riddles, from dawn  
to sunset-star !

## BABY BLUE-EYES

Not for the sunshine-daisies  
But for you all my praises,  
Tenderest flowers of blue !  
Eyes o' my dear dream-children,  
Wet with the tears of spring dew !

## THE NEW MOON

Above the gum-tree's silhouette,  
In sky of pale, pale gold,  
Night lifts an Indian silver ring,  
Her broken bracelet old !

## THE BEAUTY OF GLAZENWOOD

Sunrise sky and the sunset sea  
Are here in the heart of this my inconstant  
    rose ;  
All youth's glamor and youth's appeal !  
Does beauty suffice, O rose of a day ? Who  
    knows ?

## ALIEN SPRING

The high, high hills, the green, green hills,  
The snow-white clouds from the western sea  
Are now my metaphor of spring;  
But once it was the anemone !

## BROKEN TRYST

Through the white dawn-mist of April,  
(A bird sang somewhere near !)  
To the old rose-tree I hurried ;  
I called — O did you hear ?  
I touched a red, red rose — the petals shed ;  
Then — then I remembered that you were  
dead !

## OUTSIDE

The beauty of April's miracle  
Once brought ecstasy ;  
But since I'm by joy forgot, it is  
Formal pageantry !

## IN THE FOOTHILLS

On a wonderful day like this,  
The first of the spring,  
Do you know, O My Love, a song  
That is perfect enough to sing ?

O My Love, O My Love, alas !  
The beauty of spring,  
Though in every rose and vine,  
Is in none of the songs men sing !

On a radiant day like this,  
The first of the spring,  
Only flowers and clouds and birds  
With adequate gayety sing !



## HER SYMBOLS

Gardenias are hers and the orange ;  
Jasmine and the long fairy-lace ;  
The daphnes ; magnolias ; tuberoses ;  
Lilies of a mystical grace !  
Sweet, sweet, sweet are Her Flowers !

Bride-roses are hers and the daisy ;  
Wake-robins and dawn-flowers pale ;  
Azaleas that glimmer like moon-mist ;  
Iris and the shy virgins-veil !  
White, white, white are Her Flowers !

## SUNSET SKIES

My garden is flaunting ten thousand roses  
But perverse am I : I love the best  
Those heavenly fields of azaleas, iris,  
Now abloom for all, above the west !

## EMBERS

Laugh not at me, Little Children,  
For I'm as young as the Spring !  
See the red silk of the prune-tree !  
The sheen of the blackbird's wing !

## LILACS

Sweet are the lilacs of that far-off spring ;  
Sweet is the voice of one long dead !  
Fragrance of lilacs to my heart must bring  
Pain honey-sweet, uncomforted !

## GARDEN MAGIC

April-night and my garden tell their secrets  
to me,

For I watch by the pool, beneath a dead  
olive-tree.

White-magic is learned from an imaged star ;  
And sorcerer's spells from the basil-jar.

But it's heigh-ho ! It's heigh-ho ! I none dare  
tell,

But the white birds and blue moths, at matin-  
bell !

## THE CHARM GIVER

As I was hurrying up Life's hill,  
Once on a May-morn fair,  
With all my dreams and in search of Joy,  
I met with Goody Care.

She waylaid me with horror-tales  
And took my toys from me ;  
But then at parting she gave a charm,  
Called Perfect Sympathy !

## THE FAVORITES

O there are roses white in my garden,  
White as a bride-dress, white as a shroud ;  
And there are flawless roses beside them  
Pink as a shell is, or sunrise-cloud !

O there are roses red in my garden,  
Redder than war is, redder than wine !  
But yellow roses, yellow as sunset,  
They are the roses that I call mine !

## THE MIRACLE

My heart was full of painted toys,  
The dreams of dreams and childish joys ;  
Forlorn, forlorn, forlorn was I,  
When Love came !

But miracle : my world made new !  
New stars, new dreams that all come true !  
I 'm singing, singing, singing now  
Since Love came !



# YOU

You are akin to the singing morn  
And to the peace of noon ;  
O you are one with the burning sun  
And with the wearied moon !  
Many-mooded as sea or fire :  
Only you are my one desire !

## RELEASE

Song of bird and pinkest dawn,  
Scent of rose in air !  
Over seas my love is gone  
And I do not care !

Old, old call of chanticleer,  
Maids bid me arise ;  
I must up and sing, for fear  
Of my Mother's sighs !

## THE ROSE-ARBOR

White boughs, white boughs,  
Bent with the Maytime snows ;  
White heaped the path :  
Drifts from a Banksia rose !

## MAY NOON

The little parks have lost their Eden-green ;  
The town 's all a blatant show !  
Where is the wonder of the almond-bloom ?  
O where did the Springtime go ?

SUMMER



## UNDER THE TREES

My garden has many whisperers  
And gossips very, very dear ;  
(Their charm the graceless only can forget !)  
O every time I listen I  
Leave off the old, subverting fear  
And cease to be but a marionette !

## JUNE

When the pepper-tree trails her lace in the  
dust

And the roses rest ;

When at dawn and at dusk the frogs whir in  
tune

And the rain-gods jest :

It is June, white June !



## THE PLUMBAGO HEDGE

I wake and with bewildered eyes  
Behold the summer, noonday skies,  
Lying in little blossom-flecks along the wall;  
It is a sign for me, I know,  
Of many heavens here below:  
Radiant, tender harmony awaiting all!

## TREES AFTER DARK

Close against the old, old mystery  
Of the blue night-sky,  
Stand black and tall the eucalyptus trees ;  
They sway like marching spearmen in the  
                    breeze ;  
And aloof, like idlers, live-oaks stand,  
Watching them go by !

## THE HUMMING-BIRD

Did you see, did you hear that green glint  
of 'a bird,

The pomegranates over and under ?

O a garden is ever, each day in the year,

A place of Edenic, sweet wonder !

## LOST

For a little mountain-brook, snow-cool,  
Through these desert-years I grope;  
But all is mirage, mirage, mirage  
And deliria of hope!

## MAGNOLIAS

Brimming with the sweet of a tropic summer  
Are the blossom-cups white of the magnolia-  
tree ;  
Drugged with dreams are they of enthralling  
sorrows,  
Of incredible joys,—by a far, far, moonlit  
sea !

## MY HILL

Between the brown and oak-plumed hills  
Is the hill of my dreams, desires ;  
All day a realm of blue, blue mist  
And at sunset all opal fires.  
Ah! the feet of the heedless its paths have  
    found ;  
But for me it is ever forbidden ground !

## SILENCED

Last night, the gray bird sang by its nest  
In the jewel-green camphor-tree ;  
The nest now is cold ; silent the bird ;  
O the pain of death's mystery !

## DISILLUSIONED

Time's poet and lover find June-days sweet ;  
Yet are they sadder to me  
Than twilight pools where dead autumn-leaves  
float ;  
Than sobs that die in a violin's throat ;  
Or winter's white pageantry !



## ENVY

I would that I were an early riser,  
Up and alert before dawn ;  
Then would I know the long story  
That you, my dear Morning Glory,  
Hear from that bird on the lawn !  
I would that I were a flow'r — and wiser !

## JULY

Bleached the hills and the river-bed ;  
Brown the mesa, where linnets sing ;  
All the days are white glare, white dust.  
O the mists and the dreams of Spring !

## HANDICAPPED

The nosegay Life handed me at birth  
Is such a crude, crude thing and strange, —  
All odorless, thorny, gaudy flow'rs!  
Who but a god dare rearrange?

## UNDER THE JACARANDA TREE

At all times of the year, is my garden a place  
Where for me many miracles come to pass ;  
Into flowers to-day, the blue sky I saw  
change :

Jacaranda flowers upon the grass !

## DISLOYALTY

With gay nasturtiums embroidered o'er,  
Is Summer's dusty, dusty gown ;  
Lobelia-blue is her jeweled belt ;  
An oleander-wreath her crown !  
All sweetness, brightness ; yet we tire of her  
    perfection  
And dream of winter verdure, with unfair  
    affection !

## THE PIONEER

Nobody knows his name to-day  
But far greater than soldier or king was he ;  
As in this land of blighting sun,  
For the future he planted a tree, a tree !

## A COUNTRY ROSE-HEDGE

White dust of a rainless summer  
And chill of the fog at night  
Are hard to endure,  
O Roses !  
But winter 's a gleesome mummer  
And all of these months of blight  
His masked smile shall cure,  
Poor Roses !

## ESCAPE

All the hills around were high, were high ;  
But the sea-fog broke the dream ;  
And the snow-white bird flew by, flew by !  
See how pale the death-lamps gleam !



## FAVORITISM

Mourning-brides, daisies, sweet-johns and  
pinks

And pretty-maids, pansies, snow-on-the-lea ;  
All, despite the white glare and neglect,  
Are blooming so gayly, daily, for me !

## LIFE

An awkward scramble ; then  
A song of shrill delight ;  
The dangers of the nesting-time ;  
At last, when comes the resting-time,  
A wounded, silent flight :  
The fate of birds and men !

## FOREST FIRES

A summer of white dust-smother ! Meads  
All silence ; the foothills bleaching weeds !  
Garden and bee are dead and pools are dry !  
Pray ! Pray ! For devil-fires enflame the sky !

## AMARYLLIS

O the world it withers in the desert-wind ;  
(And three moons away is the rain !)  
The wild-gourd vine swaggers through the  
    roadside-dust,  
Too content with its white domain.  
In my brown, drear garden, is a sudden pink :  
(Not a rose on vine nor on tree !)  
'T is a row of lilies and without one leaf !  
O adorable bravery !

## A CHOPIN NOCTURNE

A dark, cool night and over-sweet  
With tuberose breath ;  
A jeweled javelin in the heart :  
Ecstatic death !

## CLOWNS

O the goggled hop-toads are fat, old clowns !  
All day, in a fern-bed so cool, do they loll  
and wait

And rehearse their joke ; but at dusk, attired  
In spotted, green silk, how alert and import-  
unate !

## THE LILY-POOL

I have heard of a lake, where great ships  
sail ;

On whose shores twenty cities take their  
pleasure !

I am hid in a garden, to reflect

One white lily, a lonely woman's treasure !

## CONVALESCENCE

As content and as still as a lizard of bronze,  
On the terrace I lie,  
With beautiful, rhythmic dreams.  
Is it true I once followed the rush of the  
town ?  
And ne'er looked at the sky ?  
How droll and remote that seems !



## BREATH OF THE WEST

White nights, white days drift by ;  
And the summer goes  
Under a fleckless sky ;  
The sunset-sunrise breath  
Is of greasewood, sage !  
O the mere scent-of-rose  
Who 'd buy ? Not I ! Not I !

## AUGUST NIGHTS

The garden's parched and dusty flow'rs  
Grow sweet, grow cool with dew ;  
The country silence sings and brings  
Serenity anew !

## RETROSPECT

There is one thing more, more futile  
Under the moon, under the sun,  
Than to water dead, dead rose-vines :  
It is to weep, when love is done !

## MOONRISE

The splendor of the southern summer-moon,  
new risen,  
Appalls like seraphim, between the trees and  
hill!  
Unworded, old, ancestral joys and fears  
awaken!  
In adoration, all the little birds are still!

## SABBATH

I have for mine a hidden sanctuary  
And there my spirit, on its knees,  
Can say a rosary of joy's renewal,  
Beneath the ancient, patient trees !  
Ever-soothing, ever-healing is their paternal  
    voice ;  
And, made sweet by garden-stillness, my soul  
    can sing, rejoice !

## DEFEATED

I would that my life were the life of a rose,  
Mere serenity my brief, brief lot ;  
And then when the summer is ended for me,  
Who will know or grieve ? I'll be forgot !

## SUMMER VIGIL

The silent, midnight lily-garden is a place  
Of rest, of dreams exalted, through the moon-  
white hours,  
Of Night's great beauty ; but alas ! one hears  
the sigh  
Of Springtime's vanished and forgotten little  
flow'rs !





AUTUMN



## WINTER'S APPROACH

The tea-rose hedge has such young, red  
leaves;

O Summer-blinded, come out and see!

O hear the song of the desert-wind,

In praise of rain, of fertility!

## SEPTEMBER AFTERGLOW

The foothills are nearer (such great, brown  
beavers !)

And arroyo and canyon are lakes of lilac  
mist ;

The tree-spires rise deeply blue on the mesa ;  
And the mountains encircle with chain of  
amethyst !

## AUTUMN VICTORIES

The geranium-seed, with white wings spread,  
Is flying far, far, far, — now it at last is free !  
The chrysanthemums bold are parading  
In a triumphal, a final felicity !

## DO YOU REMEMBER

Do you remember  
That long-ago September?  
The autumn-leaves all wet with rain?  
The autumn-daisies in that old lane?  
I remember!

Do you remember  
That desolate November,  
When autumn-leaves repeat the words  
Of Love, who died ere flew the birds?  
I remember!

## LIFE'S PATCHWORK

Here a hope and there a hope ;  
Some songs and dreams are there ;  
Here are fears and there are tears,  
Failures and a prayer !

Here a flower, there a star ;  
And here of joy a shred ;  
Here a grief and there a grief ;  
Over-wide the bed !

## THE POET AND THE PHILO- SOPHER

“O what is so great as The Beauty of  
Life?” He asked of The Sage.

“Its loneliness only, Dear Child; for thy  
soul’s a lark in a cage!”



## OCTOBER AFTERNOON

The petals of the flow'r of time, the year,  
Are falling, falling ;  
Paler the sun ;  
The sweeping, unseen winds and mists of  
fear  
Are calling, calling,  
My youth is done !

## THE SECRET

Last May, I filled the blue hawthorne-jar  
With fragrant leaves from bush and from  
tree ;

It is the tomb of a girlhood's joy;  
And yet I call it a pot-pourri !

## NOVEMBER

Brown, brown, brown is the arroyo, —  
Hill-encircled, misty, gold !  
Little leaves whirl and float in the breeze ;  
Leopard-alisos gleam through the trees ;  
Still, still, still is the arroyo !  
O allurements manifold !

## DISCIPLINED

I took my heart and I made me a god ;  
Home was its name and 't was fair to see ;  
But life, the despot, as tribute claimed it.  
I 'll not appeal from the tyranny !

## MYRTLE

In my garden of bright, tranquil hours,  
In the gloom of the old live-oak tree,  
There are shining some small, starry flow'rs,  
Dimly blue like a mist-covered sea.  
Their name and their fame is in many a  
book ;  
And yet how demure, deferential they look !

## UNFORGETTING

When they dissect my heart and my brain,  
Do you know what they 'll disclose ?  
Merely a farewell kiss in the rain  
And a fragrant brier-rose !

## THE LAST ROSE

Sunshine pale and the sea-wind  
Touched my head ;  
Life was begun.  
Pink my heart glowed ! Then rains fell,  
I was dead  
And summer done !

## THE MEADOW-LARK

The praise of the shy, little meadow-lark  
Rings with certitude ;  
Her tone is all Orient-pearls and gold ;  
Supreme beatitude !



## RESIGNATION

Since her young eyes did close in sudden  
sleep

My life's a cloudy night o'er long, its dewy  
flowers scentless ;

Through starless solitudes I plod alone.

They say the dawn will compensate for lone-  
liness relentless !

## SUNSET CLOUDS

The lost armadas of my lost years  
Majestic float to a saffron shore ;  
And now at dusk they furl their red sails  
And drift in seas where no breakers roar !

## OUTLIVED

Deep, deep, deep the love of my life is  
buried

Beneath heavy years of care ;

Immortelles nor willows the spot adorn not

And no angel watches there !

## NOVEMBER'S ROSE-DRIFT

The heaped-up petals are sweet, beneath the  
    blight ;  
All dying, dying  
That which was a rose !  
Mere reminiscence the voice-of-earth to-night  
And sighing, sighing  
Of a great repose !

WINTER



## THE FIRST RAIN

O the ground is rose-pink with the wet coral-  
beads

Lost by our old pepper-tree,

When she joined in the dance of the wind  
and the rain !

Pardonable gayety !

## WINTER TWILIGHT

The Marechal Niel roses hang heavy with  
rain ;

Visitor-robins are singing ;

And from the dispirited passion-vine old

Yellow-jade lanterns are swinging !



## THE REMEMBRANCER

Under my window, a green carpet is spread ;  
No sacred prayer-rug and yet  
Precious it is : for on that day in Mid-March  
You planted this mignonette !

## A WINTER MORNING

O the rain, with her lute and her mandolin,  
Came last night a-singing !  
And the garden made merry, her rosy bloom  
On the paths a-flinging !  
Now vanished the singer ; yet come and see  
The sun-jewels sparkling on grass and tree !

## THE PAST

The past is a darkened corridor,—  
Echoing, chilling, haunted  
By Memory's bats and her dragon's roar;  
(Horrid with ooze and slime is the floor!)  
Who is the man not daunted?

## TRANSMUTATION

When first I heard my Mother sing,  
The tone was silver, white and fair !  
But now the silver all has crept  
From out her voice and o'er her hair !

## IN THE RAINY SEASON

Long, long day of winter rains  
That sob and sob and drip, drip, drip like  
tears !

Perfect joy such gloom might be,  
Sweet with roses, melody !  
But O the silent, the estranging years !

## VALUES

The day was a disappointment,  
A weariness, a sorrow ;  
But gazing at the afterglow  
Brings courage for the morrow :  
Personal griefs reduce to proper size,  
Under the high and tranquil ev'ning skies !

## ASHES OF ROSES

And was this the bright image of my flow'r-  
decked shrine ?

Hollow brass fire discloses !

Desolation surrounds : can I forget my faith  
And the ashes of roses ?

## A RAINY SUNDAY

Long, long day of tears and silence,  
Of gloom, of rain ;  
Someone's day of joy and sun ;  
My day of pain !

Ceaseless drip of sighing palm-tree,  
Though tears are vain ;  
But, at dusk, a meadow-lark  
Sings in the rain !



## IN WINTER

A perfect rose, all a silvered-pink,  
Bloomed by my door at morn;  
(Life is so sweet, sweet !)  
I went to claim it at eventide  
But winds had scattered it far and wide ;  
Silent I stood, forlorn !  
(Is life so sweet, sweet ?)

## CLEAR SKIES

The fire of the Christmas-flower is quenched  
And the earth is bright and sweet with rain;  
The dragon-fly crawls on top of his leaf;  
Who shall sulk and who distrust again ?

## PREJUDICE

December asserts my calendar;  
My garden declares it's spring;  
I'd rather believe the hyacinths  
Than any mere printed thing!



## READING IN THE GARDEN

Along the hard, windswept paths of the garden,  
December's brown leaf-birds fly, noisily fly ;  
Four Persian kittens like dervishes chase them,  
Or pause to pretend — who knows what ?  
Who knows why ?

## A CHRISTMAS DAWN

The bright marvel of the morning star has  
    paled ;

All the world is swathed in gloom, in dreams ;

But one steadfast little Star-of-Bethlehem

In the songless, rain-wet garden gleams !

## DUALITY

Whenever I step from stone to stone,  
By the ancient toy-trees from Hokusai's  
    Japan ;  
Whenever I climb the wishing-bridge,  
I remember I live on a paper-fan !  
But I've searched by the pool and by the  
    bamboo,  
All in vain, for my fan ! Now what would  
    you do ?

## THE SCHEME ENTIRE

If I had a rose plate and a Ming yellow jar;  
A room full of books, a Korin lacquer-box;  
If I had a good cook, a new motor-car,  
A place out of town, a blue sea with some  
    rocks;  
If just trifles like these were mine for a  
    minute,  
I would love this old world and want to stay  
    in it !

## THE READER

When all the world is a table of books  
And the night is never ending;  
When the big, white moon is a shaded lamp  
And no guests my time are spending;  
When essentials like these are arranged for  
    me,  
How extremely agreeable life will be !



## POINTS OF VIEW

My Mother derides as junk and old-iron  
These Japanese sword-guards so dear to my  
heart ;

She states that they cost four tailor-made  
dresses

(Which moths might have eaten !). How  
cheap is High Art !

## TO A YEIZAN COLOR-PRINT

Ah! this is the way I used to look,  
In the golden days of august Japan, —  
In five robes of crape, all cherry-bloom ;  
With an obi wide ; and a full-moon fan!  
Was I not shy? 'T was fashionable then!  
See my hair: how amazingly modern 't was  
dressed !  
Look at my hands ! My tiny, red mouth !  
But the way that I managed to walk was the  
best !  
I remember my gowns were all shockingly  
dear  
But I had those I needed (eight hundred and  
more) ;  
So I always looked pretty, no matter the  
hour ;  
And a lady that pretty was never a bore !

## OLD BOOKS

My old, old books that ever wait  
In proud humility,  
The emeralds of Cortez great  
Can never buy of me !

## DESTINY

There's never a day, O Love of Mine,  
There's never a day for you and me  
To meet and to rest beneath Life's Pine;  
Forgot by The Seven Gods are we !  
Yet on the same lotus, with closed eyes,  
We shall dream together in Paradise !

## FEBRUARY

Deep is my love for the firelit hearth,  
The chosen book in the quiet room, —  
Where I may dream all the dreams of life,  
Content to wait my long night-of-doom !  
But there's a lure in dimpling pools,  
The scent of wet blossom and bending pine !  
When skies come down and touch the hill,  
The ends of the earth they at last are mine !  
Not content am I to gaze then through the  
    panes :  
But, a king, I'm out and away when it rains !

## MONA LISA

(My Black Cat)

At life with student-eyes,  
You look in sweet surprise  
And silence meek ;  
When will your schooling end ?  
When will you condescend  
With me to speak ?  
O small Companion of my garden-days,  
How very sweet are meditation's ways !

## PAGANISM

O to be a mocking-bird,  
A mocking-bird,  
A-singing in the lane !  
O to be a deodar,  
A deodar,  
A-tossing in the rain !  
O to be in tune with life !  
O to be in love with life,  
Aloof from all the pain !

## AFTER THE RAIN

Out in the vineyard, the larks are calling :  
“ Arise, O Sleeper, arise, arise !  
See San Antonio’s snow-crown glisten  
Above your radiant paradise !  
The scars, the despairs of summer are gone ;  
Laughter is better than sorrow ;  
Arise and behold God’s sky and the hills ;  
Roses for ev’ry to-morrow ! ”



## YELLOW TANAGERS

The enchanting splendor of old, old Peru  
In the lemon-tree flashed, one chill day of  
rain :

Yellow tanagers, many miles off their course!  
Will that breath-taking vision e'er come  
again ?

## GRAY DAYS

Under a sky of gray, flawless jade,  
Orange-trees blossom, red roses fade  
And the peacocks scream ;  
Dreams hurry back from memory's sea ;  
Sunshine subservient now must be  
To a rainbow gleam !

## A LOS ANGELES SUNSET

O I saw our Three Mountains at sunset  
And their snows were a tourmaline fire!  
Then they glimmered like opals and faded  
To dreams, dreams of forgotten desire!

## ADEQUATE

After the dolorous gloom of The Rains,  
Red roses of Spring !  
Perfectly praised is God's beautiful earth,  
For meadow-larks sing !

## THE END

Good-bye, good-bye  
To a day of shadowed, rose-sweet hours ;  
Bitter-sweet charm o' fallen leaf.  
Good-bye, good-bye  
To my garden of a thousand flow'rs !  
O but the year was brief, brief !

*If thy home a garden has not  
And an old, old tree;  
Whence life's daily joys can come,  
Wise men cannot see.*

CHEN HAO-TZU : 1783



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